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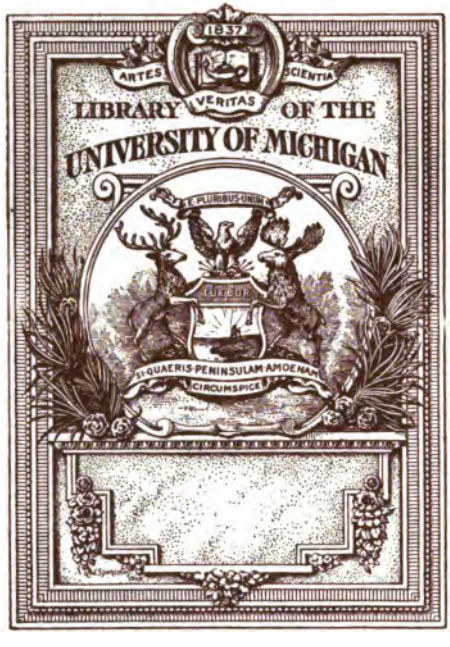
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WAYFARINGS.

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WAYFARINGS

BY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

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CONTENTS.

I

	PAGE
Threshold	13
Ecclesiastes	14
Dispensation	14
"My Lord and My God!"	15
A Prayer for Thanksgiving	16
Singleness	17
Endless Tryst	17
Divine Sympathy	18
The Mother, at the Burial	19
Scrutiny	20
Petri Interrogatio	21
"That Keepeth Israel"	22
The Denial	23
The Saviour's Course	24
"And It Came to Pass"	25
"So They Ran Both Together"	27
"But Mary Stood Without . . . Weeping"	29
The Risen Redeemer	32
"And There Were . . . Shepherds"	33

II

Resentment	39
On The Death of Dwight Lyman Moody	40
Attaining	40
Ships, Ships at Sea	41

133153

PAGE
Types 42
Aspect 43
A Spenserian in Praise of Spenser..... 43
The Heretic 44
To V. G. C., a Nurse..... 45
What Constitutes a Queen?..... 46
The Votary 47
After Trial 48
Brotherhood 50

III

Hear Him! 55
Why Should I Love This Land?..... 56
"Victoria, the Queen, Has Passed Away"..... 57
The Choice We Face..... 58
The Voices of Three..... 59

IV

Skater and Wolves 63
To a Mountain, in Colorado..... 64
In the Bay 65
Sunrise on Lake Michigan..... 66
The Gale 67
Niagara Falls 68
A Foretaste of Spring 69
Chime-Changes 70
To a Butterfly 71
Playmates 72
Tempest-Tost 73

V

PAGE
Appellation 77
Elizabethan Catches 78
The Two Loves..... 79
Tell-Tales 79
The Coming of Love..... 80
Unto My Ladye..... 81
A Ballade of Cycling..... 82

VI

A Merry Can 85
A Special Occasion 86
A Child's Evening Hymn..... 87
"As Far as the Gate"..... 88
"When Christ was Born"... 89
What They Liked Best..... 90
All Things in Him Consist..... 91
Makebelieve's Mistake 92
The Bunny Story 93
What the Man in the Moon Said..... 94

TO MOTHER.

I

WAYFARINGS.

THRESHOLD.

Is it to be the new year, or the old
Year's fruitless mining for a fabled gold
Repeated? Doubtful glints, or heaven-blue?
Is it to be the old year, or the new?

ECCLESIASTES.

God speaks. Life beats within the brain
And crowding onward comes the cry
Of worlds,—and in the senses, pain!
And in the heart, eternity!

DISPENSATION.

When you are thanking God for what is good
Thank him that light and warmth have not sufficed.
Darkness and cold are part of humanhood,—
Joy to accept the testing-time of Christ.

M. Feuerstein. HOLY NIGHT.

"MY LORD AND MY GOD!"

Be very sure, Thomas;
It may have been
Imagination.
Nay, I have seen.

Yet sight is nothing:
One's eyes may be
A pair of tricksters.
He spoke to me.

Only a voice, Thomas,
A floating word:
No meaning had it,—
Christ's love I heard.

What did the Vision,
Then, ask of you?
'Touch me!' and held his
Torn hand in view.

'Feel me!' and straightway
My trembling pride,
Glad but reluctant,
Found out his side.

You cannot prove, Thomas,
These things are so.
Why should I question?
I know, I know!

Yet you the Doubter
Were wont to be.
My Lord has answered
All things for me.

A PRAYER FOR THANKSGIVING.

For thy love and strong compassion
  We adore thee, Saviour,
May that love, in tender fashion,
  Better our behavior!
Where thou art sin cannot be;
Make our hearts, Lord, bright with thee
Till in Heaven's eternity
  We sing: O mighty Saviour!

Angel voices sing thy praises,
  Sweetly sounds their trying,
But when man the chorus raises
  He forgets his sighing,
Sings of One who left his bliss,
Meekly met the traitor's kiss,
Suffered pain of scourge and hiss,
  On the cross lay dying.

Saviour, bounteous in blessing,
  Guide our growing nation,
May we, weaknesses confessing,
  Witness thy salvation,—
With thy Spirit us endue,
Make us free and kind and true,
Each Thanksgiving Day anew
  Kindling adoration.

SINGLENESS.

Whether the sun be shining
Or the light be faint and dim,
His way is best, his children blest,—
Come, let us follow him!

ENDLESS TRYST.

"The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works."—John 14:10.
"Ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."—John 14:20.

God is the blesséd Babe in Bethlehem;
Thou, too, art he.
Fruition, through that growing Root and Stem,
For God and thee!

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

What is thy grief to-day?
A mind mute-burdened with its heavy sorrow,
A soul too faint to see the hopeful morrow,
A life that longs death's drapery to borrow?
Take heart!
He knoweth all thy way,
And makes thine inmost grief His chosen part.

What is thy joy to-day?
A mind in wonder at its own keen knowing,
A soul wherein God's planted truth is growing,
A life with eager, happy love o'erflowing?
Rejoice!
He knoweth all thy way,
And hears with perfect love thy praising voice.

THE MOTHER, AT THE BURIAL.

On a Picture of Tissot's.

Woman, is this thy Son?
Let thy soft finger
On his wounds linger;
His life is done;—
Woman, this is thy Son.

O woman, this thy Child
So unresponding
Feels not thy fondling,
But dead, reviled,
He sees no mother mild.

Poor mother, sure thy heart
Is bowed and broken:
Of love no token,—
And so, depart,
But—tremble not nor start,

For see, sad mother-one,
Like spring's warm breezes
A message seizes
Thy soul: Begun
The Gospel of thy Son!

SCRUTINY.

Silently musing at noonday,
  Wonder-spurred in the night,
Hoping that some voice would soon say
  Herein the right!

Now he has come to the ending,
  (The sun beats in at his eyes
Unwavering, unattending);
  Manhood dies.

Silent still, destiny-weigher?
  Has the span not sufficed?
The conclusion?—what?—only a prayer:
  O God, my Christ!

PETRI INTERROGATIO.

Diligis Me, Simon Joannis?
Etiam, Domine,
Petrus ait, Tu scis quia
Amo Te.

Pasce agnos!
Pasce, dicit,
Agnos Meos!

Diligis Me, Simon Joannis?
Diligis Me?
Immo vero; Tu scis quia
Amo Te.

Pasce agnos!
Pasce, dicit,
Agnos Meos!

Amas Me, Simon Joannis?
Amas Me?
Contristatione Petrus:
O Domine,
Omnia Tu nosti, quidem
Amo Te!

Pasce oves!
Pasce, dicit,
Pecudes!

"THAT KEEPETH ISRAEL."

Why should the hireling care? The sheep to him
  Are props, are purses, for his betterment,
  So drives them to the pasture, whence the scent
Of the wild clover sweetens in the dim
Young twilight, there to batten to the brim.
  At noon he tires that he so early went:
  With robes and staves he maketh him a tent,
Entreating sleep to soothe each weary limb.

But there has been an unobtrusive One
  Who kept the fold all through the quiet night,
Hushing the tender lambs, and with the sun
  Rising again to seek the fields of light.

Whether the eager wolf be near or far
The sheep that see that Shepherd peaceful are.

Graf Harrach. DENIAL OF ST. PETER.

THE DENIAL.

Thou wast with Jesus
  In many a spot—
'Tis empty folly,
  I know him not.

But surely, stranger,
  Thou hast been seen—
I never knew him,
  That Nazarene!

Thou art his servant,
  I saw thee there
Armed in the garden!
  Not me, I swear!

It was another,
  I followed not,
Nor could I tell him
  From you, God wot!

. . . .

Now Simon Peter,
  Thy Master's name
Is thrice dishonored
  And brought to shame.

Fell fear and falsehood
  Thy peace shall reap.
O let me find it—
  A place to weep!

THE SAVIOUR'S COURSE.

Bethlehem, thou blest of places,
How I love to sound thy name,
In thy silent past are faces
With the light of hope aflame,—
Mary, Joseph, shepherd strangers,
Bending o'er the holy child
Born amid the kine and mangers,
Jesus, merciful and mild.

Nazareth, despiséd station,
Yet within thy gates he wrought,
Had his humble habitation,
Joyed and sorrowed, toiled and thought,
Loved his father and his mother,
For their daily welfare cared,
Was a faithful friend and brother,—
Thus thro' early manhood fared.

O Jerusalem, what blindness
Hid his beauty from thy eyes,
Hid his strength and love and kindness,
Bidding every soul arise,
Never longer to be feeding
Down among the husks and swine?
Yet thou wouldst not, but unheeding
Scorned to mark the call divine.

Calvary, on thy dark summit
Anguish and despair abode,
Here they dropped their farthest plummet,
Hither bore their heaviest load;
Yet with courage and devotion
Here he gave his life for me—
Earth and heaven ceased their motion,
Then broke forth in jubilee.

M. Feuerstein. HOLY NIGHT.

"AND IT CAME TO PASS."

Mary and her little child
Rested in the twilight mild,—
The mother mused; the infant smiled.

Was this Jesus? this her boy?
Was the earth so full of joy?

And the kine regarded him
Meekly, with an instinct dim,
Till the stars began to glim.

Even then the darkness seemed
Different, for a radiance gleamed,

Shining on the rugged fur
Of Joseph's mantle, as by her
He watched all night, and did not stir.

And a hush came o'er the spot;
Within the inn they wist it not.

Humble-hearted shepherds came,
Eyes with eagerness aflame,
And with joy they praised his name:

"Hosanna! 'Twas the angels' word:
'A Saviour which is Christ the Lord'!"

Bethlehem again was still,
Save to its comrades on the hill
A camel's cry rose, wan and shrill:

"Why do we go to Bethlehem?"
And cries come back from each of them.

Royal the Magi's habitude,
Holy and reverent their mood
As they beheld Christ's babyhood.

Mary marvelled: gold and myrrh
They offered to the son of her!

The Sun his glorious banner raised
And waved, and warmed the flocks that grazed—
Now for this wonder God be praised!

Still Mary's arm embraced the child,
Who, while she mused, divinely smiled.

Eugene Burnand. PETER AND JOHN.

JOHN: Run!
What have they done?
What did the woman say—
'Taken him away'?—
Our Master—Jesus—! Run—run—

PETER: Thou, brother, whom he called dear one,
Do *thou* be swift!
I cannot lift
Over this harsh and springless path my feet
As thou canst, without weariness or heat,—
Fly onward, for 'tis he we seek, 'tis he
Whom evil men have torn from you and me.

JOHN: Am I the fleeter?
Then follow, Peter!
(*He runs on.*)
Dead! Did they not bind him?
Dead? Then we must find him.

PETER (*running alone*):
He shall be found:
Soldiers surround
The tomb—that mighty stone
Cannot be overthrown.
He is there still,
The Magdalene spoke ill.

JOHN (*calling*):
Simon, Simon Peter, the stone is rolled away,
Hasten, hasten!

PETER: O to fall and pray!
But forward to the tomb is my soul drawn—
Why is the earth so sudden strange, the dawn
All dim and silent? O my Christ, my Christ,
From whose dear look my wicked pride enticed
So utterly and oft, where art thou, Lord?
(*Coming up rapidly.*)
There is a soldier's helmet, there a sword—
What fright hath seized them? John, brother,
speak!

JOHN: He we seek
Is not here,
Peter;—fear
Hovers about me,
Go in without me.
The watchers are far hence,
Empty grave-garments!

PETER: Empty, thou sayest?
Then, while thou prayest,
I will go face
The gloom of the place.
(*Entering the tomb.*)
Lord, bring me beside thee,
Yea, I, who denied thee!
Art thou lying here, Master?
Or art—
(*Calling to John.*)
Hither! Faster!

H. Hofmann. EASTER MORNING.

"BUT MARY STOOD WITHOUT . . . WEEPING."

MARY MAGDALENE:

Would that I dared, would that I dared to try!
John saw, and Simon Peter, yet not I.
Chill is the dawn: the sun hath sent no dart,
But bleaker and more gloomy is my heart.
How wildly Simon called upon his brother!
How tremblingly they sped! but to the other,
The Magdalene, here ere the raw day's birth,
No word they spake of heaven or of earth.
Now are they fled: their figures wane away,
And I again am left, to fear, to pray,
To agonize in tears for him who passed
Unto the gates of hell, and died at last.

How should he not die? O the yearning eyes
That drew and dazed the sinner! High surprise
Was there, that one should choose to fall so low,
But love ineffable was there also.
How could one see a Rabbi so divine,
The brethren say, but quickly he'd resign
All things, and follow him, for that great look?—
Regard that raised one up to heav'n or shook
Him down unto the pit, as when in wrath
He warned the Pharisees they trod that path,

How should he not die? On his heart the world!
Trouble and fear and pain their pinions furled
About him: here a leper he must heal,
And there a Laz'rus raise to life and weal;
Yea, even me he saved from utter woe,
The body, then the soul! We need him so
That he loved us too much: compassion vast
O'erflowed his heart with sorrow—all the Past
Of hurt humanity cried out to him
And all the Future showed a vision dim
Of babblings, armed comminglings, wanton pride;
These, not the anguished spear-thrust, pierced his side,
Else he would never on the dreadful Cross
Have suffered unto death and borne the loss
Of friends, and pure devotion, and sweet peace,—
We pressed these on him. . . .

O but I must cease!
I am too weak, too low, to understand.
Again tears? . . . can I help? . . . O for his hand! . . .
Yea, I will look . . . haply . . . A wonder! How
Comes the tomb light?

ANGEL: Woman, why weepest thou?

MARY: The body of my Lord is taken away,
And I was seeking. . . .

CHRIST: Do not fear, but say
Why thou dost weep. Whom seek ye in this place?

MARY: Sir, I knew not that any saw my face,
But here my Lord was buried: him I seek
And for long hours have sought. He cannot speak
And call me, and my steps are very blind—
Show me where thou hast laid him. Sir, be kind!
He was my Lord. See, I myself demean,—
Wilt thou not aid me?

CHRIST: Mary Magdalene!

THE RISEN REDEEMER.

"He is not here; he risen is."
  How sweet that angel word!
From burdened earth to heaven's bliss
  Ascended hath the Lord.
He overcame, he overcame
  Temptation and distress;
O men and women, praise his name—
  His glorious might confess!
His might confess, his might confess,
And he your weary souls shall bless.

Where is that heavenly paradise,
  That immemorial land,
Untainted by a hint of vice,
  Each hand a fellow-hand?
Where did he meet that bright array?
  What beam dispelled the gloom?
We do not know the doubtful way
  From out the riven tomb—
The riven tomb, the riven tomb,
What light did open and illume?

O men and women, 'twas the Light
  That Love and Goodness shed,—
Death saw it, and in sudden flight
  He bowed his ancient head;
Life saw it seek the soul of man
  To rescue him from hell;
So heaven's sight and song began:
  All hail, Immanuel!
Immanuel, Immanuel,—
The joyful chorus we would swell.

"AND THERE WERE . . . SHEPHERDS."

SCENE: *A wooded hillside in Judæa, near Bethlehem.* TIME: *The morning watch.* PERSONS: *Rhesa, Amos and Onam, three shepherds.*

AMOS: How still and silent sheep and trees and brook!
The night seems holden, Rhesa, it is dark
As ever baffled these unsleeping eyes.

RHESA: But soon the moon will rise, friend of my life,
And pour her radiance forth o'er many a hill,
Have patience! — There's a bleating ewe — beware!
Her lamb may stray.

ONAM: Brothers, I cannot tell,
But there is some expectancy I breathe,
A beating of the heart, and, Amos, you
And Rhesa, by your voices, feel it too.

AMOS: In very sooth I feel as I have dreamed
Upon a time, when the great moment came
And with its greatness woke me, so with sighs
I sought my flocks again, and musing found
No solace; — I have hoped —

RHESA: Hush! Moonlight breaks
Through yonder cloud with fleece that priceless were
To any herder. Ah! the light is streaming
Over the mighty boles and twisted shrubs
On, up the hillside, see — it bathes our feet
And hands and faces . . . . .
. . . . . O it is the light
Of heaven! Hide! Run! O be merciful,—
I cannot bear this.

(*They fall on their faces.*)

Who and what art thou,
Stranger and lord, that gazest on us so?

ANGEL: Be not afraid, O Rhesa! Men, fear not!
The woe of earth is compassed by a joy
Eternal. Ages shall this day revere
When, the light breaking, David's city blest
Beholds the dawning of the light of love.
Fear not, but joyful be! Swift messenger
Of God's good tidings, his command I heard:
'Go, tell the shepherds in the hillside grove
That Christ is born, their Saviour and their Lord.
Bid them arise and seek the Infant Child.
Him — evermore belovéd — they shall find
Among the kine in lowly fashion lying,
Wrapt in his swaddling clothes, and well-content,
Smiling upon the world he comes to save.'

ONAM: Never can we forget these words of life.

MULTITUDE OF ANGELS (*singing*):

Praise the Child,
For he is born,—
O blesséd morn!
O blesséd, blesséd morn!

Praise the Child,
For he is born,—
No longer is the earth forlorn.

His name shall calléd be
Counsellor, Wonderful!
Clouds, with your thunder full
Utter his praise!
The Prince of Peace is he,
Master of sky and sea,
On him, eternally,
Heaven shall gaze!

Sin is conquered,
Death is conquered,
Satan put to shame.
O love so lowly lying,
O Cross of Jesus dying,
Heaven sings to sinners crying:
Praise ye his name!

(*The angels leave the earth, singing as they ascend.*)

ANGELS: *He hath chosen, he hath come,*
And of sin the awful sum
He will bear.
Peace be in the hearts of men!
Bells of Heaven, ring again:
Glory to his name! Amen!
Ever, everywhere!

(*The shepherds rise to their feet.*)

AMOS: Departed! Let us go to Bethlehem.

(*The angel voices are heard from above.*)

ANGELS: . . . . . *Amen!*
Ever, everywhere!

RHESA: O surely let us go, that we may see
What wondrous things the Lord hath brought to pass.
Let us be quick!

ONAM: Come, comrades, yonder lies
The highway — canst thou, Rhesa, grasp it yet?
Messiah? O be eager to adore!

(*Exeunt. The angel voices die away.*)

ANGELS: . . . . . *Amen!*
Ever, everywhere.

II

RESENTMENT.

The ocean bursts in very wrath,
The waters rush and whirl,
As the hardy diver cleaves a path
Down to the treasured pearl.

ON THE DEATH OF DWIGHT LYMAN MOODY.

Warrior of God, we cannot speak them loud—
Our farewells — yet not distant thy new home;
So close didst walk beside the pillared cloud
That thou and it one glory have become.

ATTAINING.

Unwavering eyes on the end,
Lips that are bidden to bleed,
When a man strives, depend,
Heart is the thing to heed.

"My beauty, I have you in hand,"
(Does he murmur?) "but hard was the price!"
Not if he understand
Striving is sacrifice.

"SHIPS, SHIPS AT SEA."

Ships, ships at sea,
So wearily
Your masts strike out the sky—
What spirit called,
Afraid, appalled
At the wild loon's demoniacal cry?

Flash! roars the rain
And the gale in pain
At its untimely birth;
Storm-angels live,
Cries fugitive
Are borne remote from all the place of earth.

Ships, ships at sea!
It seemeth me
One faces utter fate;
No ship, methinks,
The tempest sinks
Breaketh the silence of her last estate.

"Ah! consort dear,
I pray thee veer,
This gulf yawns hungrily."
"Nay, ill betide
If I leave thy side,—
Is there no hope? Then there's no hope for me."

A blinding lunge,
A crash, a plunge,
A cry to heaven great!

. . . . . .

Not two there be,
But one at sea,
With sails dejected, mien desolate.

TYPES.

I.

"Largesse! largesse!" cried the rabble;—
On them the proud prince looked
With nod indifferent, nor brooked
Their loud acclaiming babble,
Yet he threw them coins, as one
That tosses stones, in fun.

II.

This wealth of mine, this fortune,
How it flashes, gleams,
And joys me! O meseems
Should anyone impórtune
A jot of it, I'd turn and hiss
In sudden anger: "Fool, this? this?"

III.

He generous bounty did impart
With unobtrusive grace,
His noble, kindly face
Finds home in every loyal heart.
His touch the flame of truth renewed,
Ah, Heaven grant us gratitude!

ASPECT.

Children see joy in all, and laugh
  With merry cries;
The poet does not photograph,
  He glorifies;
Philosophers alone are half
  Morose, half wise.

A SPENSERIAN IN PRAISE OF SPENSER.

Thy music, Spenser, swims the sea of sounds,
Whose service trembles with the understream
And evermore the distant shore surrounds
Where Truth abides within the Land of Dream.
Strong singer! whose full-ripened tones do teem
With rarest melody; thy noble heart
Beats brave and true; right stately dost thou seem,
Poet of poets,—master of all art,
Arthur delights our youth, maidens bless Britomart.

THE HERETIC.

He gives to death world-prejudice. World-woe
  Therefore upon its witless gods is crying
  Never to spare, nor suffer more the lying
Counsels, contentions of this human foe:
It is not right that he should teach them so,
  That worship of the runes is reason dying,
  That for the spirit there is satisfying
Not in the formal Yea, but faithful No.

Aroused, those apathetic gods would hearken
  What time they shook the stupor of the years,
And, making human lovelight droop and darken,
  Crush out the rebel in a night of fears—
Not now, not now! Nay—they are gone abroad
To seek a truce of heaven with heaven's God.

TO V. G. C., A NURSE.

When ice and stones and lava the dull earth
  Have bruised, it rears its bulk in deep unrest,
  Each summit rising blindly to protest
Against the crevasses that mar its girth;
Then Nature smiles—she minds creation's birth—
  And, gathering up the breezes of the west,
  Cools the volcanic rage and heals the breast
With sifted snow of palliating worth.

So is it with thee, sister! Mild between
  The painful cots, with reassuring face,
Thou movest. Very holy is the scene
  Of service such as this. The Christly grace
That lights thine eyes and on thy forehead broods
Writeth itself in the Beatitudes.

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A QUEEN?"

What constitutes a queen?
The richly flashing crown, the silver sheen
Of ermine? or the mind
Beneficent and kind
And loving with the love of Christlikeness,
Able to cheer poor burden-bearers, bless
The weary, the disconsolate console;
Quick to rejoice with him of singing soul?—
Handmaiden of the Highest, eager she
To imitate her Lord Christ's ministry;
Sweet are her ways and gentle and serene,
These—not externals—constitute a queen.

THE VOTARY.

They touched her tenderly,—
She sprang up, tossed the wild hair from her eyes
Which flashed in scorn and angry agonies;
Her sweet frame slenderly
Carven shook in miserable wise
Till from her heart the voice tore forth in cries:

O me! Go hence! O leave
Me all alone to grieve!
I will not have a word of comfort said,
I mourn for my belovéd who is dead,—
O my belovéd, thou art dead,
Of heroes chief;
O lonely! all my love is widowéd,
Wander thee, wander! desolate, unwed;—
Soul of me, passion-soul, 'tis past belief,
But I must mate with Grief!

And down she drooped and hovered and lay still,
Her calm face white with witness of her will;
From those pure lips came nevermore a sigh
Though all the birds of Spring sang ecstacy.

AFTER TRIAL.

And so they lead me back and I am led,
Strange, stubborn noises dart about my head,
Lights flash and blind. . .

And now their words are locked
Away from me,—by echoes I am mocked,
By silence chid, by men and women hated,
By God—no word from him! by conscience vindicated.

Short shrift, O God, and naught of hope they spared
This poor, foul convict that the people stared
Upon with horror. Yea, and he is lost
If thou wilt hear him not,—for say accost
Your advocate, he spurns you all the while,
Vultures come nigh no life! is in his smile;
The judge rebukes you that you are not still;
The jury scowl and note the evil will
That turns your actions. Defiled, defiled, defiled!
Is in your soul.

"Why should a man be wild
And anxious in a court where all are just?
The wretch shall have his justice. Only must
A keen eye gaze, examine all his mood
Tearless and bold and stern with hardihood
To hear all's meant or uttered—as he could
Not satisfy his heart but justice would
Condemn him—eh? acquit? In truth,—acquit.
Fearing his trial would not be true! Here sit
The jury, there the judge. Can they not tell?
Who better? Man, have never fear of hell

Unless your due. And yet to look at him,—
He murdered! Friend, too early? This his whim
Of justice must be granted? Must indict,
Address, convict, condemn? Well, thou art right."

Thus is the court, O God! and people praise
Their own sweet patience that they do not raise
An instant clamor! are content to wait,—
It makes a mouse more happy of its fate
If cats but grip it fast within their claws
And hold a gentle trial.

Now is there pause.
Heart, bitter, bitter! Christ, I cry to thee
And from the heavens thou wilt answer me
Who saidst: "Let there be life!" and thine own breath
I drank, inhaling;—these: "Let there be death!"
Framer of us, thyself hast dwelt within
And borne the rebel fury-spurring Sin,
Mocked, scourged and innocent, whose clear voice grew
To heaven: "Father, these my people do
They know not what." These, such a crime although
Stained through their souls, lived. Ay, 't is better so—
Forgive, forgive! they know not that they lie—
And if it is a dreadful thing to die
Thee do I thank who hearest, who hast heard,—
With Christ died two and I shall be the third.

You startled me. These husks to him that gave!
'T is time, O friends, to lead me to the grave.

BROTHERHOOD.

Ah! the woe-wavering world,
Hurried with agony, fails,
Save that a supplicate turns
Hardly, and thickly his breath
With wail upon wail of despair,
With fear of pitiless Fear,
Gasps out the message to us:

Hear us, O brothers, high-minded ones among men!
Ye who look Fate in the face,
What is the end of our race?
Who shall restore us, the Lords of Creation, again?
God with us, you say? Then where are his love and his grace?

But the cry goes quivering down
Into the darkness, and we,
We who have heard but the sound,
Tremble and labour at heart;
Silently each upon each
We gaze, and commune with our souls:
How can we show them the way?
Hardly ourselves can we cling
To a history's passionate hope;
What do we know of the world?
What can we guess about God?
O that we were as they think,
Able to come to their help,
Ready to lead them aright!

Hear us, O brothers, cries of the fugitive:
Now to our souls your souls' enlightenment give!
What is vain? What is lasting? How may an earth-man live?

There they lie moaning, and long
We sorrowed aloud, and long
Shouted courageous words,
Bade all their clamor be hushed,
Turned to our innermost soul,
Fiercely upbraiding our pride:
'Surely, self, thou shalt die
Down in the grave of delight!'
Ah! but so feeble we were!

We must make ready, and shut
All of the doors of our house,
Earnestly, faithfully scan,
Truly, unflinchingly think:
'What is the meaning of all?
How may we grasp it and live?
Whither our destiny draws?
Whence is the answer to come?'
Let us establish our Faith,
Knowing that Reason will fail,
(Eager, but sunken his eyes
Chained to the rock of the Real,)
Knowing the answers of God
Take root and abide in the soul,
Shrink from the wildness no more,
Open the doors of our house,
Hasten to action and cry:
'Courage, our brothers, we come!'

Come, for the world is smeared and wrapt with grime;
No tones in Nature's universe will chime;
The Lord of Wrong spurns all the tears of time!

Over the red-tinged waves,
Stilled into silence and gloom,
Laden with burthens, the ship
Glides slowly, with tall black masts
Striking the sunset out,
Floating into the West,—
Darkness falls on the deck,
Hoarsely is uttered a cry,
Bells are ringing to rest,
Seamen are furling the sails.

Thou wilt not leave us, Father, all alone!
Thou hearest human wailing; thou hast known;
And thou art he that cometh to atone.

Morning breaks on the sea,
On the horizon the ship
Wavers a moment, awakes,
Shakes away weariness, then
Sails are flung out to the flight
Of the blithe and generous breeze
Soon her sides quiver, and now
On she comes, cutting the waves,
Bounding between the deep seas,
Racing the glorious wind,
Resolute, out on the main,
Fearless of tempest and storm,
Invincible, unto the port.

III

HEAR HIM!

My country, lose thy idols and gain God,
For he would speak with thee; but through the din
And boast of barter and the clanging sword
To thee how shall that Speaking enter in?

"WHY SHOULD I LOVE THIS LAND?"

Why should I love this land? The prophets pale
Before the roar of gain and power;—a land
Where sorrows rend, wealth laughs, fanatics rail;—
Because He molds it with unerring hand.

"VICTORIA, THE QUEEN, HAS PASSED AWAY."

"Victoria, the Queen, has passed away."
Whither and whence? The hearts of Englishmen
Have lost her not: in homes of hill and glen
And crowded city, there her people pray.
For she, who served th' inexorable day,
To duty loyal first, to mercy then,
She does not die, but lives in God's Amen,
And still within we feel her gentle sway.

But whither has she gone? Our holden eyes
See her no more where Law and Custom long
Like sentinels attended, gray and wise,—
About another now the princes throng!
Queen though she was, a higher pow'r she felt,
Heard a more awful Sovereign's voice, and knelt.

THE CHOICE WE FACE.

War,
That all true men abhor;
The boom of bloody guns,
The tortured, dying ones,
The path that passion runs,—
War, war,—
A cry, a curse, a roar!

Peace,
Not sluggard, selfish ease;
Nay, heroes young and gray
Go marching all the day
Not men but ill to slay,—
Peace, peace,—
See gentleness increase!

THE VOICES OF THREE.

A VOICE IN 1776:

Daughter of Law and Liberty am I,
Born while rebellion raged along the sky;
The nations scorned till sudden on my knees
I prayed—then shock and angry agonies!
O God, the sword was ever at my breast;
Year upon year I fainted, never rest
Bade me despair not, nay but sacrifice
Stirred all my spirit. With a heart like ice
Th' aggressor fought me; I could dare to die,
So lived, the child of Law and Liberty.

A VOICE IN 1899:

Daughter of Law and Liberty am I,
Born while rebellion raged along the sky;
She by whose aid I struggled to be free
To my breast turns Excalibur, but he
Wages no hearty war, tho' nations mock,
Tho' I am torn by passion, doubt and shock.
Despair invites, but I withstand despair
With racial weakness in the strength of prayer.
Mother, O Liberty, thy help I seek!
O Law my sire, thy power I bespeak!

Open her eyes who threatens me in dream
Or evil spell that makes her evil seem;
She knows not what she does, awake her then
That the stern truth may come into her ken:
She cannot slay me, tho' I daily die,
She cannot quench the resolution high,
Th' indomitable will she cannot stir—
A sight for Heav'n when light awakens her!

LIBERTY:

Columbia, arouse, awake, let shame
Burn in thy being for this antic blame
And boast of conflict. With a call divine
I call thee! Rise and solace ——

THE FIRST VOICE (TO THE SECOND VOICE):

Sister mine!

IV

SKATER AND WOLVES.

Swifter the flight! far, far, and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
  And all the earth is ghostly pale,
  While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
  Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
                Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
  He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
  He laughs and sobs within the gale,—
On, anywhere! he must not die—
                Swifter the flight!

TO A MOUNTAIN, IN COLORADO.

Warder of Heaven's lore, well dost thou tame
  The too aspiring earth, with boundless weight,
  Immovable as law and stern as fate,
Yet with the aureole of hope aflame,
For snow and sunshine thou hast giv'n one name,
  'Tis writ upon thy brow in bright estate:
  Yet human thou art not, nor love nor hate
Quickens thy steadfast heart with joy or blame.

Patient, thou pointest evermore to God,
  Communing with the moon and morning star,
That from thy crest to thy foundation broad
  Utter the tidings of the things that are.
Thy peaks are prayers. All day God answers yes,
And sunset ardors breathe his gentleness.

IN THE BAY.

Which conquers which? The rock and sea
  Wage endless duel day and night;
This sees its vision far but free
When billows shall no longer be,—
  That rears its waves with main and might.

Above, the gulls that wing their flight
"The rock is witless" sing. "His height
Is hidden when the waters glee,—
        Which conquers which?"

"His height is hidden"? Yet despite
The ebbing flood within the bight,
  The tide that flows, the waves that flee
  Baffle themselves full fruitlessly,
The granite's *base* is hidden quite.
        Which conquers which?

SUNRISE ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Sheathed by the everlasting sky
That bends caressing from on high
  In garments blent
    Of white and blue
    And fairer, farther, fainter hue
  The silent lake lies musing and is well content.

Calm child-of-many-waters, dream!
Sudden across thy breast shall gleam
  A wave-kissed way
    Of floating gold,
    Fixed skyward with a steadfast hold,
  Whereon an angel lingering may kneel and pray.

THE GALE.

The wind came down on the waves that drew
A midnight breath,
O the wind came down and as he flew
He laughed within himself and knew
The end was death.

Out darted his long cruel arm,
Persuading sore,—
The wimpling waters knew alarm,
And yet there fell constraint and charm
On sea and shore.

He whispered, hissing: "See delight
Not far, not far!"
O the sad waves shuddered that midnight
And rose and moaned at the sudden might
Of the hidden bar.

Outshrilled a voice above the lash?
The bitter mock?
"Woe! for the waves they flee and flash
In the flood of the moon till they die and crash
On the birth-blind rock!"

NIAGARA FALLS.

THE UPPER RAPIDS.

Summer has glory and winter has gloom,—
Hurry!
But ever the rapids, rebelling at doom,
Recoil and engulf themselves, flee and entomb,
Drawn into the web of the swift-plying loom,—
Hurry!

THE FALLS.

Supple and sheer the cliff must we spurn,
Whither?
We rush and we leap, and we overturn
Downfalling, downfalling, till dimly we learn
Of the Mecca beyond and the Spirit astern.
Whither?

THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS.

Up to the surface and up to the sky,
Joyful!
Sped we are, driven by hopes that are high,
Sobbing and laughing—the haven is nigh.
O joyful the journey and joyful the cry:
Joyful!

C. von Bodenhausen. SPRING IDYL.

A FORETASTE OF SPRING.

Sweet and golden afternoon
  Of the infant summer,
    Joyous one!
Merry trills of laughter soon
  Peep and tremble and embrace,
  Flee and turn again to race
    Through the sun;
Morning, slow old nurse, is lost,
Birds and souls and flowers are tost
In the sunlit pentecost,—
    Winter's done!

Birds are chirping melodies
  Made of clear notes vanishing
    In the sky;
Yonder hum the yellow bees,
  Hither sway the tender branches,
  Mad young winds in avalanches
    Scurry by;
All the flowers bloom with blushing,
Rapture through the soul is rushing,
Suddenly there comes a hushing,—
    Night is nigh!

CHIME-CHANGES.

I.

Sun on the sea and the blue, blue sky,
Sail on! the shore shall be ours by and by,
Soon the pilot shall seek us.

The sea-pilgrims smile in the eye-kissing light,
Who speaks of the silent cloud, sullen and slight?
Soon the pilot shall seek us.

Singing to sleep turn the scorners of fate,
At sunrise the ship anchors safe in the strait,
Surely the pilot is coming?

II.

Low-looming vapour that leers at the moon,
Lonely the vessel lies in the night's noon,
Surely the pilot is coming!

O the wild laughter that leaps in the gale
And the loud lamentation, the lullaby-wail!
Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!

Lo! who can linger in life at his will?
Beloved are the slaves of the sea-spirit still,—
Lord-pilot, have mercy upon us!

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly,
Flutter by,
  Under and over,
  Haunting the clover;
Each flashing wing
Fashioning
  Quivering glories,
  Luminous stories!

Life in a miniature,
Swiftly to win a pure
  Realm of ideals,
  Hoping it heals.

  The best, the best
  Is the endless quest.

  Is hopefulness vain
  To feel or to feign?
Know you not? save to say:
"It is glittering, glittering day!
The sun to me sings,
Beauty dowers my wings,
  All of joy I attain!"
  Once again
Flutter by,
Butterfly!

PLAYMATES.

A wave was rippling across the sea,
Lulled into laughter and melody,
Its dwarf drops of spray so careless and coy
The sunbeams flew after and kissed it for joy.

But the wave, crest-tossing, like him of the Ancients,
Shook them off with a bound of saucy impatience,
And sped light and swift, laughing softly in glee,
Over the musing, murmuring sea.

But its song soon ceased, and silence came,
Till the wave sigh'd sadly the sunbeam's name,
Then bitterly shiver'd, and shrank all-chilling
From a sinister thought the gulls were shrilling.

Now while it was speeding so swift along
The sunbeams mourn'd for the sound of its song
And flew pursuing, and caught it at last
And embracing they in the horizon past.

TEMPEST-TOST.

In a flash the rain roars down,
  Tearing a way to the ground
  With a splashing unmusical sound,
  With a quivering sharp rebound,—
Striking each dusty town
Into a gloom of the flood,
Into a chill of the blood,
At the ravenous roar of the rain.

The thunder struggles for breath,
  Beaten with moanings of ire,
  Mad with a rebel desire,—
  Lightning, its heart of fire,
Goads it to desperate death,—
Fear follows everywhere,
On the earth and the sea and the air,
Forebodings of terror and pain!

Then the voice of the sea outcries:—
  "All my waves have in anger arisen,
  Scorning my bosom a prison,
  Lashing me while I listen
To the prayer as of one who dies:
'O Infinite Love, come thou,
Save me and pilot me now!'
And straight there is silence again."

Low earth-murmurs kindle and loom,
And its secrets have thickened the sky,
Till it sweeps them before the fierce eye
Of the hurricane hurrying by.
Clash all the drivings of doom,—
Storm! and the world in collapse,—
Despair! were it not that perhaps
There's a whispering promise-refrain.

V

APPELLATION.

"Of these two apples I will let you
Choose!" she said, and held them high,—
"Three, rather," I replied, "Annette, you
Are the bright apple of my eye!"

ELIZABETHAN CATCHES.

I.

Bees buzzing overhead,
  Dreamily I lie,
    Idly and dreamily,
  A lazy fellow I!
Flowers their perfume shed
Sweet is my clover-bed,
While by bright fancy led,
  Dreamily I lie,
    Idly and dreamily,
  A lazy fellow I!

II.

Life and Death,
  Deceit, despair,
    So shall the varlets vary;
A stifling breath
  Cuts off our care,—
    Now by'r Lady Mary,
Life, Death,
  Everywhere,
    Must take us all unwary!

THE TWO LOVES.

How pretty she looks,
But then, how provoking!
A checkmate, odds zooks—
How pretty she looks—
O where were my rooks?
'Tis too painful for joking;
How pretty she looks,
But then, how provoking!

TELL-TALES.

I look in her eyes,
Though she falters out: "No, sir!"
She cannot disguise
As I look in her eyes,
However she tries,
That she loves the proposer,—
I look in her eyes,
Though she falters out: "No, sir!"

THE COMING OF LOVE.

Now linger'd Love upon the wanton wind,
Wild Love, with glistening tresses tost and blown,
Laughing delightful music,—not alone,
For clear, soft voices floated far behind.

High sate great Jove in glory,—'round reclined
In joyous bowers 'neath his gleaming throne
The lesser gods,—their stately-sounding tone
Made solemn echo, then came mute and blind,—

For Love's wild pæan now had stormed the sky,
And hushed the hearers with a strange alarm,
Who thrill'd in sweet expectancy and charm,—

So, with the sound of rapture, Venus came
And, smiling at their awe, said: "Love am I!"
And all the gods laughed at the pleasant name.

UNTO MY LADYE.

There is a ladye known to me
And steadfast sunne-stronge eyne hath she,
Mock-sober eyne that love makes free,
Love makes free.

My ladye's lippes I do declare
Are joy-cuppes knowynge no compare,—
O would that mine were restynge there,
Restynge there!

My ladye's heart is large and liefe
And womanne-tender. Thralle is chiefe,
Yfostered inne that favoured fiefe,
That favoured fiefe.

O ladye mine! O ladye mine!
That I should bee your lorde is signe
Of wonder,—but ye sunne doth shine,
Ye sunne doth shine.

And so I pray that blesséd bee
Ye queen of all feminitee,
Faire ladye of my fealtie,
My fealtie.

A BALLADE OF CYCLING.

My slender steed of steel is manned,
  His rapid mood with mine agrees,
Each other's hearts we understand,
  Our spirits scorn repose and ease.
  We speed the valley and the trees
Are murmuring above us high,
  But soon they die away and cease,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

The sun's eyes glow, his beams expand,
  His welcome laughter warms my knees,
And all my brow grows moist and tanned,
  Yet on my flashing cycle flees—
  On with a heart of health and ease,
With whistling lips and laughing eye,
  And not a soul to vex or please,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

Evening droops down upon the land,
  On wooing brooks and bowing trees,
But waving high a joyful hand,
  I hail the ever-bounding breeze,
  The stars—innumerable bees—
Now chase the clouds along the sky.
  Rider and wheel—one spirit these,
For with the birds we soar and fly.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, if thy Highness only please—
  O Prince, and thou shalt never die!
Deign to accept, these handles seize,
  For with the birds we soar and fly.

VI

A MERRY CAN.

"I can fly kites, oh—awful high,
Away up higher'n the sky—"
  Thus Bobbieboy began.
"You can?" said I, in quick surprise
At Bobbieboy's indignant eyes,—
  Cried he: "I'm *not* a can!"

Then, laughing at his queer mistake,
I said: "My word I will not break,
  So, Bobbieboy, my man,
A can you are, a can were born,
But yet a can we do not scorn,
  For you're *American.*"

A SPECIAL OCCASION.

Fido, on Thanksgiving Day
People 'ticalerly pray;
Sit up straight and very still—

Jesus, guard our lips from ill,
Make us always true and good;
As we thank thee for this food,
While our heads we meekly bow,
Gentle Saviour, bless us now;
And when night-time cometh, then
Give us quiet sleep. Amen.

People 'ticalerly pray,
Fido, on Thanksgiving Day.

A Special Occasion.

A CHILD'S EVENING HYMN.

Shepherd Jesus, in thy arms,
Let thy little lamb repose,
Safe and free from all alarms
In the love the Shepherd shows;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Often mother dear has told
How the children thou didst bless,
And I know that in thy fold
All is joy and happiness;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

Shepherd Jesus, make thy child
Pure and gentle as the dew,
Keep my spirit undefiled,
Waking, sleeping, kind and true;
May my slumber quiet be,
Angels watching over me!

"AS FAR AS THE GATE."

LADDIE: Mother dear, I want to be
Where old Kitty I can see
Trotting home with my poppie.

MOTHER: Laddie boy! Then you shall go
All the way down Elm-tree Row,
Mind you are not losted, though!

LADDIE: Huh! I won't get losted—why
Other day I walked, O my
Round all the stable and the sty.

MOTHER: All right, laddie, don't be late,
Go no farther than the gate,
You will not have long to wait.

. . . . .

LADDIE (*later*): Guess the gate can't go ve'y far,
Swings so slow on that old bar,
But I are mother's boy, I are—

Guess I've gone as far as it;
Must'nt go another bit—
Hello, poppy; hello, Kit!

"WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN."

What a chorus in the sky,
Children dear, when Christ was born!
"Glory be to God on high!"
Angels sang that blesséd morn.

CHORUS.

Glory be to God on high!
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
Christ is born, O hills, reply!
Ye great deeps, resound again!

Humble-hearted shepherds came,
With their vigils tired and worn,
But with joy they praised his name,
Children dear, when Christ was born.

Sages came whose eyes were dim,
Children dear, when Christ was born,
Him they knew and worshipped him
There, amid the kine and corn.

Children dear, when Christ was born,
Love divine the people drew,
We must never be forlorn,
Let us follow Jesus, too.

WHAT THEY LIKED BEST.

"Now, what I like," said bright-eyed Tom,
"Is round and round to sail
With eyes so steady
And teeth all ready
To catch my fleeting tail."

"I like a little mouse right well,"
Said Topsy, "but you know
It must be tiny—
My eyes get shiny
When *big* mice come and go."

"No nasty mice for me," said Floss,
"I like a baby bird
All nice and puffy
And fat and fluffy—
Hush! wasn't that one stirred?"

"You three are silly pussy-cats,"
Said Peter-pet. "I vow
With my gay ribbon
And dainty bib on
Milk I like best, meow!"

ALL THINGS IN HIM CONSIST.

Up where the stars dwell,
So pure, so still, so bright,
All through the silent night—
Jesus is there;
How wonderful is he,
How sweet their ministry
To him who made them be,
Lord of the air!

Out on the waters
With gently beating breast,
A lullaby of rest,—
Jesus is there;
And when the sunshine flees,
And coldly shrills the breeze
Across the angry seas,
He heareth prayer.

Summer and winter
Repeat their yearly round,
And temper all the ground,
Jesus is there;
The seed he cares for so
Sleeps through the cold and snow,
And wakes to life and glow,
Good fruit to bear.

Though I am only
One in the countless throngs,
I feel the angels' songs,—
Jesus is here;
I know thou lovest me,
Forever I would be
Obedient to thee,
Saviour so dear!

UofM

MAKEBELIEVE'S MISTAKE.

"Tell me, mamma," said Makebelieve,
  "How Santa Claus can go
All 'round the world on Christmas eve;
  How can he hurry so?"

"He comes with *reindeer*, and he slips
  Along as fast as flying,—
Why, baby dear, those trembling lips?
  You surely aren't crying?"

"You said," sobbed Makebelieve, "you said
  That Santa comes with rain,
And he is bringing me a sled,—
  I wish I'd said a train.

"I called up chimney loud and slow;
  I wish I hadn't, 'cause
A sled's no use without the snow,—
  I'm s'prised at Santa Claus."

"Two Halves 'll Make a Whole."